

残

忍月光

Cruel Moon

木樨颜
Brent Yan

MOVEMENT PUBLISHING

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Published by Movement Publishing

1650-302 Margaret St #132

Jacksonville, FL 32204

Email: movementpr@aol.com

Website <http://movementpublishing.com/>

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Printed in the United States of America

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

First Printing: August 10 2021

Print Copies: 1-1000 Total

Characters: 151,300

ISBN-13: 978-1-5136-8933-3

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哨子（组诗）

1

今天的风仍在怒吼，发于
清晨，即将卷开另一个清晨
不知道它还会刮跑几个清晨
每个清晨，我都十分清醒

2

时断时续的哨声，吹累了
就歇一歇，老天就带走几个魂
然后继续任命哨子，用柳枝
制作出简易的春天的通知

3

不一定非要用柳枝，只要能
捅开春天的耳膜，还可以用针
扎，用喙啄，甚至用龟背敲
哨声不拒绝音色的形式

4

风又怒吼，异乎寻常的音色
仍然掩饰不了哨声的本质
似哭似笑，因为纠结这个春天
才刚吹绿一点又要倒寒

Whistle (Group Poems)

1

The wind is still roaring today. Beginning in
This morning, it will unfold another morning
I don't know how many mornings it will blow away
But I am truly lucid in every morning

2

The intermittent whistling will have a rest
When it gets tired. Simultaneously, the god will take some spirits away
Then he will still appoint the whistle to make the willow branch
Into a simple notice of spring

3

Willow branch is not the only choice, for as long as
We can impale the eardrum of spring, we can also use needle
To prick, beak to peck and even turtle shell to crack
Because the whistling never minds the form of the timbre

4

The wind roars again. Its unusual timbre
Cannot conceal the nature of the whistle
It sounds like crying or laughter, because it is worrying that the spring
Just blown into green will soon enter into a cold spell again

5

这注定是一个历史性的时刻
我才和什克洛夫斯基聊完
形式主义的利弊，不同形式
的哨声就哗变了暗夜

2020. 03. 12

It is destined to be a historic moment
I have just finished my conversation with Shklovsky
On the pros and cons of the formalism, however, the different
Whistles have mutinied into a dark night

2020.03.12



巫山云和草

给你写一首诗再睡，巫山云
我努力营造的人生意象，我诗歌
的灵魂和草。哪里有土，哪里有水
哪里就飘着云，长着绿草

水土是巫山的要素，巫山关乎爱情
和中国的人生，水土孕育的山
以及白云，让孟子尽心陶醉其上
观于海者难为水，他说

这句话说哭了元稹，虽然未必
跨越一千年后的大洋，打动惠特曼
我却发现了你们的共情，草和云
生于水土，确实有云泥之别

所以，我是草，你是巫山云
我自顾自地在水土上遥望和招摇
为飘在上空的你一岁一枯荣
不管多少轮回，我都向往生命

2020.03.11

Clouds of Wushan Mountain and Grass

Before going to bed I'd like to write a poem for you—the clouds of Wushan
Mountain

I try to create the images of life, the soul
Of my poetry and the grass. Where there is soil, where there is water
There are floating clouds and growing green grass

Water and soil are the elements of Wushan Mountain, the place about love
And the life of China. Mountains bred by the water and soil
And the clouds, make Mencius completely enchanted
“Few people who have seen the sea are charmed by common rivers,” he said

Though these words moving Yuan Zhen to tears do not necessarily
Cross the large ocean a thousand years later to touch Whiteman
I find a sign of your empathy. The grass and clouds
Are born in the water and soil, but of huge difference

Thus I'm the grass, and you're the clouds of Wushan Mountain
I look into the distance and sway alone in the water and soil
Year after year, living for you who're floating in the sky
No matter how many circles of life I'm given to, I always hanker for life

2020.03.11



故意与贪婪

不要关紧那盒子
请留下一个缝隙
我想从那里钻进去
窥探你的故意与贪婪

也许窥探无功而返
里面了无故意与贪婪
只有一个等待上弦
的旋转木马打着盹儿

木马上空无一人
等待着有人去上弦
这是你的空城计
故意驱赶走了贪婪

你故意没有关紧盒子
我贪婪地上满发条
然后坐上木马，终于
又听到了美丽的声线

可是我仍然是一个人
贪婪地骑着木马
无奈地等待你的出现
这些全都并非故意

Intention and Greediness

Don't snap the box tight
Please leave there a crack
For me to climb inside
To snoop about your intention and greediness

I may come back without finding anything
As there is no intention and greediness inside
Only a carousel which is taking a nap,
Waiting for someone to wind it up

There is nobody on the wooden horse
Which is waiting for someone to wind it up
It is your trick
To expel the greediness with intention

You don't close the box tight intentionally
Then I wind it up greedily
Sitting on the wooden horse, finally
I hear the graceful sound again

But I am still alone
Greedily riding the wooden horse
Helplessly waiting for your appearance
All is not intention

我等你也钻进这盒子
以毁灭式的轮回
弥补一次未竟的心愿
再永绝故意的贪婪

2020. 03. 09

I am waiting for you to climb inside the box
Coming again and again in a destroying way
To make up our unrealized dream
And end the intentional greediness forever

2020.03.09



比如

比如面前的这瓶水
瓶子是透明的
瓶子里面的水自然透明
所以这瓶水是透明的

在未被商标遮挡的地方
这都是不假思索的判断
而被商标遮挡的部分
瓶子不再透明
水可是依然透明
这瓶水却已不能全透明
就像一种感情的性质
因为某些阻挡而不再
跳动透明的心

2020. 03. 09

Like the Bottle of Water in Front of Me

Like the bottle of water in front of me
The bottle is transparent
And so is the water inside
So the bottle of water is transparent

Which we can tell without thinking
From the place unblocked by brands
Yet for the blocked parts
The bottle is not transparent any more
While the water still is
But the bottle of water can no longer be completely transparent
Just like the nature of a feeling
A transparent heart no longer beats
Owing to some block

2020.03.09



截句

侧身躺着阅读湖北
上面眼睛流下的泪水
刺痛了下面的眼睛

2020.03.07

Extract

I lie on my side reading the stories of Hubei
Tears flowing from the upper eye
Sting the other below

2020.03.07



惊蛰

龙死后，寂静并未登基多久
百足的平民在今日宣告起义
南风吹开被倒春寒逼退的绿意
除了掸掉细雨后灰色的轻尘
也以睽违的暧昧抚摸土壤
宣布春神并没有被寒冬禁锢

于是，鸟鸣虫唱借风吹响号角
向狂妄的沉默弹奏摧枯的音波
让沉睡的生机再度喧嚣，也让我
纠正暗云时期的绝望认识
春天并没有死，龙也没有死
此刻万千条龙正在东风中轮回

2020. 03. 05

Awakening of Insects

Silence did not reign long after the death of the dragon
Insects have declared an uprising today
The wind from the south boosted the green pushed back by the cold spell in late
spring
Except for dusting off the gray dust after the drizzle
It also pours the soil with its distinct vagueness
Proclaiming that the god of spring has not been imprisoned by winter
So the birds sing and the insects chirp, blowing horns with help of the wind
Strumming the withered sound to the mad silence
Making the slumbering vitality again noisy, and also making
Me correct the understanding of despair in the silent period
Spring is not dead, nor is the dragon
Now thousands of dragons are transmigrating in the east wind

2020.03.05



门

我领你进门，门并没有锁着
你是羞怯还是疑虑，致使你远离
这扇半掩的春天？

门内绿意已经盎然，却也与春天
无关，湿热的领域从来只需
一只睁着的发现红的眼睛

甚至半睁，你具有一切燎原的
潜质，自律的眼睑从不关闭
自然不会切断引燃生命的导火索

我领你进门只是一个纯然的借口
当我说我不需要春天流淌
我比春天还急于自燃

2020.03.01

Door

I bring you home, the door being unlocked
Is it your shyness or doubt that makes you stay away from
The half-concealed spring?

Inside the door, green thrives, which has nothing to do
With the spring. What's needed in the hot and humid area
Is only an open eye looking for red

Or even a half-open eye. You have the potential
Of setting a prairie fire, with disciplined eyelids never been closed
And certainly won't cut the fuse igniting lives

Bringing you indoor is simply an excuse
When I say I don't need the spring to flow
I'm more eager to self-ignite than it is

2020.03.01



关了灯写诗

关了灯给你写诗
我怕灯光吵嚷，惊飞诗羽
那可是长在灵动的鸟儿
身上的灵动的羽毛
而你就是那只灵雀
所以我想写下你的灵动
尽管你不会这样定义自己

尽管你不会这样定义
你也是一只灵动的鸟儿
因为你在夜的眼睛里扑扇
那双灵动的翅膀，给我
写下这首诗的灵感
等夜闭上眼睛，再没有光
吵嚷我的诗羽和灵动的你

于是在絮叨之后，我步入
正题，想写下老式的我爱你
夜突然睁开眼睛，瞪着我
那股子狠劲儿像倒春的寒风
割开我的闷骚，这时我才写
——夜如真丝情似雪
而你正顺滑地铺满我的心

这才是你给我的灵动
除此之外，再没有其他鸟儿

2020.02.22

Write a Poem with the Light off

I am writing a poem for you with the light off
Since I am afraid that, the light is too noisy
To startle away the feather of the poem
That is the nimble feather
Of an agile bird
And you are the agile bird
Thus I want to write down your agility
Though you may not define yourself in that way

Though you may not define yourself in that way
You are still an agile bird
Flapping your wings in the eyes of the night
Your lovely wings inspire me
To write down this poem
When the night closes its eyes, there will not be any light
To disturb my feather of poem and the agile you

Then after nattering for a while, I get down to
Business, I want to write the platitude I-love -you
But the night opens its eyes suddenly, staring at me
Its sight, as sharp as the flare-back cold wind in later spring,
Splits my implicity. Then I begin to write that
—the night is like silk while my love is like snow
Now you are smoothly covering over my heart

This is the agility you offered to me
And without you, no other birds can offer

2020.02.22



夜深了，开始写诗

夜深了，开始写诗，写下我爱你
然后开始描述爱的深度，于是又写下
你的长发，你细细的腰肢，你的淡眉
你修长的腿，你的雪肤和俊眸迷离
写下你的长发拢住细腰，写下你的淡眉
醉卧于俊眸，写下你修长的腿裸着雪肤
写下你蕙质兰心，写下你秀外慧中
写下你悲伤，写下你快乐，写下你调皮
写下你任性，写下你去超市，写下你爬山
写下你秉烛夜读群山回唱，写下你在
丽日春光中丈量我们之间的距离

这些印象没有次序，一个个浮出幻想
幻想还有一个我，幻想我高大伟岸
幻想我没这么黑，幻想我帅，八块腹肌
幻想我发黑齿白，幻想我长袖独舞
舞三更剑气，于六尺生宣，泼墨如云
幻想我正色，幻想我虚伪，幻想我
蝇营狗苟，幻想我写下这首诗，幻想我
金榜题名他乡逢故，又在沙漠中饮露
幻想这么一个我在正确中与你相遇
并一见钟情，并携手连理，并白头偕老
并没有一先一后地告别这出悲喜剧

Late in the Night, I Start to Write Poems

Late in the night, I start to write poems, writing down I love you
Then I start to describe the depth of my love, and write down
Your long hair, your slender waist and light eyebrows
Your long legs, your fair skin and beautiful eyes
And your long hair hanging around your slender waist, your light eyebrows
Lying drunk facing your beautiful eyes, write down your long legs and fair skin
Write down your purity and elegance, write down your beauty and intelligence
Write down your sorrow, your happiness and mischief
Write down your caprice, your going to the mall and climbing the hill
Write down your reading *And the Mountains Echoed* under light at night, and
Your measuring the distance between us in the bright spring sunshine

These memories are in disorder, imagination one by one showing up
Imagine that there is another me, that I'm tall and strong
Imagine that I'm not so dark-skinned, that I'm handsome, eight ab muscles
Imagine that I have dark hair and white teeth, that I'm dancing alone
With a sword in hand at midnight making a bold and free painting on the six-
foot rice paper
Imagine that I'm serious. Imagine that I'm insincere. Imagine that I
Brazenly seek fame and wealth. Imagine that I write this poem. Imagine that I
Succeed in getting a degree and meet an old friend in a foreign
land, and drink dew in the desert
Imagine that such an I meet you in the right place, right time
Fall in love with you at first sight, and we get married and together grow old
Rather than leave this happy but tragic world one after the other

可这终究只是幻想，除了肯定在这个
世界上，有这么一个或者很多美丽的你
而我，还有以上的诸多幻想，毕竟虚假
因为没有一项达成，我也早已忘记
我愚蠢的过去，所有的一厢情愿和暗恋

我不是我，我是我幻想出的一个主人公
为这首诗应运而生，而死，而被遗弃
除此之外，全都是活着的真实，隔着
屏幕，还能听到电流，以及你的呼吸

2020.02.20

Yet this is only imagination, except for the fact that
There is a beautiful you or many like you in this world
But the imagination as well as I, after all, is not real
Since there is none that I can make come true, and I've already forgotten
My silly past, forgotten all my sentiments and crushes

I'm not who I am. I'm a hero I imagine
Living and dying for this poem, being abandoned by it
Apart from those, all the rest is living truth. Even with
A screen between us, I can still hear the current, and your breathing

2020.02.20



凌晨一点

凌晨一点我在写诗
而你在朗读，黑夜在听
读的情景美成一首诗
汇入漆黑的夜
所以你也是在读夜
黑夜静静地读你
怎么都读不懂
就像我怎么都写不出
一首完美如黑夜的诗
所以我自娱自乐地写
就像你自顾自地读
把夜熬得白了头

2020. 02. 19

One O'clock in the Morning

At one o'clock in the morning, I am writing a poem
While you are reading and the dark night is listening
The whole beautiful scene is like a poem
Melting into the dark night
Thus you are also reading the night at the same time
The dark night is quietly reading you, too
However, it can't understand you
Just like I can't write a
Poem as beautiful as the night
I wrote the poem to amuse myself
As you read it by yourself
Until the dark night whitens his hair

2020.02.19



下唇

下唇还在隐隐作痛
记着错愕感情的力度

每次我缅怀时都会
闭合牙关，让下唇替罪

以重温和回味，或许
还有一舌尖的人生

思索的按键善于输入
也敏于删除，包括爱恨

还有下唇灼烧的印象
白牙自然没有感觉

似乎它们也从来不知道
柔软是坚硬的深情

因为上排的坚硬总会
压下去，下唇爱上了疼

2020. 02. 18

Lower Lip

My lower lip still hurts
Feeling the power of emotional shock

Whenever I look back at the past
I grit my teeth, making the lower lip suffer

So that I can go over and savor the past. Maybe
There is still a tongue-tipful of life for me

The button of memories is good at inputting
And always ready to delete, including love and hate

I still remember the burning sensation in my lower lip
But the white teeth can't feel anything

Seems like they never know
Softness represents the affections of hardness

Since the upper teeth always
Press down, the lower lip falls in love with the pain

2020.02.18



无论如何

无论如何，天空都会羽化成雪
冰棱也会结成刺入人心的刀
久寒的风总会哈气吹绿地上的茧
飘游的白云也必打散装入冬日的棉衣

无论如何，稻黍都会敲开饿死的门
白得刺眼的柳絮也会析成粗盐
我放在你身边的开心总要哭起来
人生和物生的世界也会如常涨落

无论如何，要呻吟出肺里运行的力
要用几行字认真切出鸡血石的边款

无论如何我都会努力咳嗽，咳出一手
热血，蘸着按印出虬枝上的红梅花

2020.02.16

Anyhow

Anyhow, the sky would transform to snow
And icicles would freeze to knives plunging into the human heart
Long-time bitter wind would blow the cocoons on the ground to green
And floating white clouds would scatter the padded coats packed into winter

Anyhow, rice and millet would knock the starving door open
And glaring white willow catkins would be separated into the coarse salt
My happiness placed beside you is always going to cry
And the world made up of people and objects would, as usual, rise and fall

Anyhow, I would moan out the force running in my lungs
And seriously carve on the sides of the bloodstone with several lines

Anyhow I would try to cough, coughing up in my hands
Hot blood, with which I print red plum blossoms on the twisted branch

2020.02.16



躺

你躺好了，我这就来
谁先离开，谁流最后的泪
这个问题我们讨论过很久
谁先躺下了，另一个就来了

你躺好了，我这就来
摆好姿势，用软衾盖好香气
以防扩散到整间屋子
我只想黑暗中狂嗅昙花

你快躺好，我来了
肉麻的信息是电动的工具
你的想像和我的想像
一种刚劲一种柔软

你先躺好了，我再躺下
我躺在你左边，朝右看你
再顺着你的目光朝天上看去
两朵白云飘呀，你我手拉手

你躺下了吗？睡着了吧
还有多长时间，我们可以
这样无辜地躺着，守望最后
的时光？最后时光，我
会先写下上面四节诗行
然后再躺在你的左侧，长眠

2020.02.06

Lying

You just lie there. I'm on my way
Who would leave first and who would shed the last tears
We have been discussing on it for ages
One lies down and the other comes

You just lie there. I'm on my way
Be well posed and protect the fragrance with your soft blanket
From spreading into the whole room
All I want is to smell the transience crazily in the dark

Go and lie down. I'm coming
Romantic words are equivalent to electric tools
As for your imagination and mine
One is hard and the other soft

Go and lie back, and I will follow you
I'm on your left, looking at you to the right
Then follow your gaze looking up to the sky
Two white clouds are drifting along, while you and I are hand in hand

Have you lied down? You might have fallen asleep
How much time do we have for
Lying side by side, innocently, together, spending
Our final hours? If we were in our last days, I
Would write down the four stanzas above
And then fall into an eternal sleep, lying down by your side

2020.02.06



哲理

哲理躲在生活每一秒的角落
倏忽你看到了它，它又倏忽
钻进下一秒的角落。每一天都有
八万六千四百个角落藏着
就等着你最迅捷的捕捉
你捉到几个就捉到了几行诗歌

2020. 02. 05

Philosophy

Philosophy hides in the corner of every second of life
You can see it now, but suddenly, it will
Slide into the next second. Every day
There are eighty six thousand and four hundred corners for it to hide in
Which is waiting for your swiftest catch
How much philosophy you catch, how many lines of poem you will compose

2020.02.05



解释

黑夜不用解释渔火
粉色也不用解释少女
正如冬天不用解释冰雹
巫山也不用解释云朵

所以渔火也从不解释愁思
少女从来不解释胭脂
正如雪花也不解释啤酒
飘云也从不解释梦泽

偶然性从来是一厢情愿
无须多余的解释

2020. 02. 05

Explanation

Night doesn't have to explain fishing lights

Neither does pink explain ladies

As winter doesn't have to explain the hail

Neither does Mount Wushan explain clouds

Hence why fishing lights never explain melancholy

Neither do ladies explain rouge

As snowflakes never explain beers

Neither do clouds explain dreams

Contingency is always wishful thinking

Without unnecessary explanation

2020.02.05



发财树

你的极端让我恼火
去年我从花卉市场把你买回
放在我的桌前，并记下你的生日
可是你并不像我爱你那样爱我
除了阴暗的旧绿，你没有给我
更加青翠的生机

五月你伸出了两只歉意的手
把我阴霾的眸子刷得郁郁葱葱
可是暑气侵犯的当口
你又烦腻了山脚下的佛光
你现在待我如路人甲
而之前温暖我如情侣

明天立春，又是你的生日
你是不是应该以更多的绿叶庆祝
并开启一年持续高涨的热情

你寂然无语，我也已经没有脾气
我把最黑的夜色放进眼里熬着
等待我的瞳孔墨出一丝绿

2020.02.04

The Lucky Tree

Your being extreme annoys me
I bought you from a flower market last year
Putting you in front of my desk and remembering your birthday
Yet you don't love me the way I love you
Except the gloomy and old color, you didn't bring me any vibrant fresh green

In May, you hold out your apologetic hands
Polishing my gloomy eyes with lush green
Yet when heat hits
You are again tired of the Buddha light in the foothills
Now you treat me like a stranger
Not your sweetheart any more

Tomorrow is your birthday and also the start of spring
Shouldn't you celebrate it with more fresh leaves
And arouse your one-year-lasting passion

You're still silent, for which I no longer have temper
I stay up late in night with the darkest night put into my eyes
Waiting for a trace of green to emerge in my pupils

2020.02.04



身份

那么多身份，选一个和你一起去读书
或者写字，我在你身后把住你的手
一行行地读着春天，或者写下浪漫

那么多身份，选一个关心你的饮食起居
监督你早睡早起，形成好习惯，以后
最爱的你就不用仍然是我，而是你自己

那么多身份，选一个让你临摹或效仿
让你对人生充满期冀和触手可及
也让你可以有完美理由地和我保持距离

那么多身份，选一个和你一块去酒吧
喝得酩酊大醉，然后在春梦中沉睡
醒来，人生如常，除了衣服醉了一地

……那么多身份，我只想选一个来对待
我迟迟才发现的人生，那就是当云裸露
于暗夜的光滑，我会奋力拴住月的光辉

然后顺着桂枝爬上寒冷的蟾宫，挥起
赎罪长斧一下下砍下那些苦涩的桂树皮

2020.02.03

2020.03.12 修

Identity

As there are so many identities, choose one to read with you
Or write, while I hold your hand behind you
Reading spring line by line, or writing romance down

As there are so many identities, choose one to care about your daily life
Monitor you to go to bed and get up early to form good habits in the future
The one who loves you most needs not to still be me, but yourself

As there are so many identities, choose one for you to imitate or copy
Make your life full of expectations and within reach
Also make you have a perfect reason to stay away from me

As there are so many identities, choose one to go to bar with you
Get drunk and fall asleep in a wonderful dream
Wake up, life as usual, except the clothes drunken all over the floor

As there are so many identities, I only want to choose one to be
The life I take so long to find out, is that when the clouds are bare
In the smoothness of dark night I'll struggle to hold on to the light of the moon

And then climb up the cassia branches to the moon in the cold, and wave
The atonement axe, cutting the bitter cinnamon bark on and on

2020.02.03

Modified on March 12, 2020



墙

你站得远远的，看着我
我离你远远地，知道你看着我
我看见远处一道墙，不过两米高
足够我以跑酷的方式越过，让你
看看我有多帅，也许你会因此而爱上我

你远远地看着我，我开始奔跑
向那一道两米高的墙，并帅帅地
跳了上去，才发现，这并不是一道墙
因为我没有下坠，脚步稳当地站在
和高墙齐平的不可知之地

我暂时忽略了你的存在，因为
我看到了密匝匝的树木，是不是
森林我不知道，我只看到了眼前浓密
却筛漏了暗夜灯光的树枝，那边是黑夜
所以有灯光，灯光所在响动着循环的
广播声——禁止外出拜年、勤洗手……

我翻身下墙，奔跑回来，把你深拥入怀
墙外面在戒严，这道墙让你我受戒

2020.02.03

Wall

You stand at a distance looking at me
I'm away from you but aware you're watching me
I see a wall in the distance only two meters high
Enough for me to get it past by free-running, and show you
How smart I am and maybe you would fall in love with me

You look at me at a distance. I start to run
Towards that two-meter-high wall then smartly
Jump on it. Then I realize it isn't a wall
Because I don't fall. My feet land on an
Unknown road level with the high wall

I temporarily forget you're still here, because
I see thick trees. I don't know
If there is a forest but I can only see before my eyes the branches though dense
Yet leaking the light at night. It's night over there
So there is light. I hear a sound
Looping— “No visiting” “Wash your hands” ...

I jump out of the wall, gallop back and hold you in my arms
There's a lockdown outside the wall, which makes you and me become
disciplined

2020.02.03



群山回唱

群山回唱，在明媚的阳光中
没有战火，只有和平，这是太阳升起的地方
你翻开的群山在阿富汗燃烧，在你心中回唱
骨肉亲情都不堪一炬，不堪流连的争战
你翻开的群山向往太阳升起的地方

这里是古老的东方，静美的北方
在幽幽精魅借以升腾出地火的所在
你翻开的群山在回唱，在昭乌达盟的地火
上回响，这里没有苦难，没有明媚时代不该
有的狰狞可怖，只有你明媚盛开的样子

我能想象到你明媚的样子——
你翻开群山回唱，明媚的手指
在书页中澄净如柔夷青葱，明媚的眸子
在群山的六十年中晴雨霜雪
你的样子在群山中回唱

2020. 01. 18

And the Mountains Echoed

The mountains are echoing in the bright sunshine
Without war but peace, this is where the sun rises
The mountains you opened are burning in Afghanistan, and echoing in your
mind
Even kinship cannot bear the burning, or the lingering wars
The mountains you opened hanker for where the sun rises

Here's the old East. Here's the graceful North
A place where ghosts can make underground fire
The mountains you opened are echoing, echoing
Above the fire in Chifeng, where there's neither suffering, nor the hideousness
or terror the bright times aren't supposed to have, but the brightness of your
blooming

I can imagine your being bright—
You open *And the Mountains Echoed*, your bright fingers
Fair and gentle in pages, your bright eyes
Shining, raining, frosting and snowing during the sixty years in the mountains
Your face is echoing in the mountains

2020.01.18



永远

我说的永远是真永远
与永恒的时间无关
也不参考一直汹涌如洪水的生和死

我说的永远是一念中深沉的爱
和从深沉的爱中冲口而出的誓言

我说的永远真的是永远
不关乎命运的短促或悠长
也与你记忆是否鲜活没有关联
我会用每一次呼吸表达对你的思念
你记不记得在不在意都与这种表达无关

永远到底有多远
也并不是那么重要
只要那一刻呼吸验证了你存在于我的意义
哪怕一秒的短暂也是一世的永远

2020. 01. 17

The Everlasting

The everlasting of my idea is truly eternal
It has nothing to do with the endlessness of time
Or without reference to life and death tempestuous as a flood

The everlasting of my idea is the deep love in my thought
And the oath spouting out of that love

The everlasting of my idea truly lasts forever
It has nothing to do with life span
Nor with your memory, living or dead
I would take every breath to show that I miss you
No matter whether you remember or care

How far the everlasting is
Is of less importance
So long as the breath proves what you mean to me
Even a moment is a lifetime

2020.01.17



高铁随想曲

跑进了瑟瑟的田野，发现
荷尔德林又活了过来，活在瑟瑟
的田野上，诗意地栖居在人类的户外

我也开始奔跑，跑进瑟瑟的田野
和北京的冬天，用诗意做双腿和双眼
追逐即将没入黑暗的太阳

诗意行走在苍茫的大地上，不惧夜色
而荷尔德林如我，也还没有死
并且会在瑟瑟的田野上奔跑如飞

2020. 01. 10

Capriccio on the High-Speed Train

Running into green fields, they find
That Holderlin comes back to life, poetically living in the green fields away from
the secular world

I start to run, into this green fields
Into the winter of Beijing. Taking poetry as my legs and eyes
I chase after the sun dissolving into the darkness

Poetry walks in this vast land, with no fear of night
Just like me, Holderlin is still alive
And would run on the green fields as if on wings

2020.01.10



两个出站口

两个出站口，我只能选择一个
我只能赌一赌我的运气，和所谓的缘分
虽然我早已知道，这是一场殊死搏斗
无论怎样，我都会伤痕累累

我变换步法，调整站姿，我要悄悄地
英姿飒爽而且不能被你轻易发现
我要给你一个惊喜，也可能是一个惊吓
同时给我预备最佳的借口和必然的失落

人生的高铁乘客络绎不绝地涌出来
恰好是我期待的时间，也是你晚点的时间
人头攒动，我的步法变得凌乱，跟不上眼睛
直到另一群滚滚的洪流涌来，我才撒手

放弃死命抠在石缝的指甲，告别求生
我躺在时间的潮水里，后悔挑错了来时路
可两个出站口，我没有更加确定的选择
而我选择的那一个，最终没有出现你的身影

2020.01.08

The Two Exits

There are two exits but I can only choose one
I bet on my luck and so-called fate
Although I've known it would be a life-and-death struggle
And would scar me all over anyway

I shift my steps and stance, quietly
And handsomely waiting for you in case of being easily recognized by you
I want to give you a surprise, or maybe a shock
And also be prepared for the best excuse and inevitable disappointment

Passengers are pouring out of the high-speed train
It's the time I have been expecting and you have missed out
The crowds are so huge that my steps are in disorder and can't catch up with
my eyes
I have to let you go when another flood of people arrives

I give up my desperate nails sinking into the rocks and bid farewell to my
struggling for survival
Lying in the tide of time, I regret choosing the wrong way of coming
As for the two exits, I have no definite choice
But at the one I picked, you never show up

2020.01.08



银翼杀手

我曾见流星划过，不留一丝光痕
我曾见大雨瓢泼，泪水逆天而上
我曾经用泥土复制对这片大地深沉的爱
摔下的泥偶又回归海洋的环拥
我梦见一切的一切从头到尾无始无尽
或者那只是我的本身在存储记忆的碎片
我才只是一个克隆的我，存在于不在
我已经不知道真假，我只知道善恶

眼睛看到大地和天空，天空看到我
那只是一张实验室的单向透视玻璃，而我
只是跪立于生命之门旁的单向度的人
我复制自己的肉体，不带一根肋骨的精神
我在门外蝇营狗苟，贪恋一颗遥远的星
我不知道哪个是我最爱的我，真实的我
也不知道我和我该怎么在心里交谈
去商议出一个有效而最佳的成神的方案

等我复制的意识觉醒，所谓真假已不重要
我和我戮力同心，搭建起极乐的巴别塔

2019. 12. 30

Blade Runner

I have seen meteors streak past without leaving a trace of light
I have seen the rain pouring down and the tears streaming up to the sky
I have used the soil to copy the deep love to this land
The fallen mud puppets return to the ocean's embrace
Everything I have dreamed of is endless from the beginning to the end
Or maybe it's just a fragment of my own memory
I'm just a clone of myself, in existence or not
I can no longer tell the true from the false, only knowing the good and the evil

The eyes see the earth and the sky, and the sky sees me
It's just a one-way glass in a lab, and I am
Only a life of single - dimension kneeling at the door
I copy my body, with my spirit free of rib
Outside the door I hustle and bustle, hankering after a distant star
I don't know which one is my favorite me, the real me
Nor do I know how I should talk to myself inside the heart
To negotiate an effective and optimal plan for divination

When the consciousness of my replication awakens, the so-called true or false
will no longer matter
I and I will endeavor together as one, to build the Tower of Babel of Bliss

2019.12.30



结局

她的眼里和心里下雪了，在没有我的城市
这是一个平常得近乎异样的西方节日
时间和地点都恰如其分，都没有我的存在
我早从七月的热浪里种下注定不会发芽的根
不管是带刺的中国玫瑰，还是妖娆的曼珠沙华
死亡是必须的归宿，昭示着所有可能的枯萎

雪是薄暮的青衣，轻轻一抖便落了下来
覆满我的惆怅……雾霭更适合用来给我疗伤
而不是让人蹙眉于紧促呼吸面罩之下的霾
仅这一个字眼就在澄澈的心湖铺上油轮的渎职
此时夜色正抬起惺忪睡眠，苏醒于西化的东方
她在啜饮这个时节最该馈赠的快感

此时，我不存在于狭小的立场，我溺于思考
怎么才能走入广泛的光明，并拥抱分明的轮廓
可黑夜终究会在上空扯起一块黑色的幕布
遮住抬望的眼和蓝色心潮里摇荡的白色情欲
阻绝力比多亢奋时可能会犯下的滔天罪行
这一切都必定发生，这是人生介入哲学的结局

2019. 12. 26

The Ending

It is snowing in her eyes and heart, in a city without me
This is an unusually usual western festival
Perfect time and space, without me
I have long planted in the heat of July the seeds that are doomed not to sprout
From the prickly Chinese rose to the enchanting Red Spider Lily
Death is the inevitable destiny, declaring all the possible withering

As the blue coat of dusk, the snow falls with a slight shake
Covered with my melancholy...Mist is more suitable for my healing
Instead of the haze which makes people furrow their brows beneath the
breathing mask
Just one word laid down the malfeasance of oil tankers in the clear lake of heart
Now the night is raising its sleepy eyes, waking in the westernized east
She is sipping the most deserving pleasure given by winter

At the same moment, I am not in a narrow position but immerse in thinking
How can one walk into the broad light and embrace the clear outline
But the night will eventually pull a black curtain in the sky
Covering up eyes and swaying white lust in the blue tide of my heart
Preventing the heinous crimes that libido might have committed in excitement
All this is bound to happen, the end of Philosophy of Life Intervention

2019.12.26



平安夜

平安夜，我不祝你平安
我只愿你在东方升起
做一弯新月，或者一轮红日
照射进所有晦暗的窗和心

你可以打开岁月，苦心经营
用你的真诚、善良和美丽
揉进它的每一丝一缕
然后摊开、烘焙，坐等香气舒展
你的岁月就是中国的葱花饼
俗是俗了点，却是怡和的东方

那些岁月不曾慷慨于你的
你可以慷慨于岁月
然后任其良心发现、悔恨和反省
这些都不需要任何国界和宗教的契机
岁月静好或者汹涌
全都是你所能操纵的人生

平安夜，我不祝你平安
我只愿你是一弯明月，或者
一轮发出温暖光明的太阳
它们是亘古的平安符

2019. 12. 24

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve, there is no blessing for you
I only wish you rise from the east
And be a crescent moon or a red sun
Shining into all the gloomy windows and hearts

You can unfold your time and take efforts for it
Using your sincere kindness and beauty
To kneed in every lock and thread of it
And to spread out, to bake, and to wait for the aroma's coming out
Your time is the Chinese scallion pancake
Tacky as it is, it is the harmonious Orient

Those things that time has not given to you
Can be given to time with your generosity
And let consciousness remind it to regret and reflect
With no need of any national boundaries and religious opportunities
Be it in peace or in chaos
It's all a life you can manipulate

Christmas Eve, there is no blessing for you
I just wish you were a bright moon
A sun which generates warmth and brightness
They are ever-lasting symbols of peace

2019.12.24



神话

又一个情结，是关于水的
自从你告诉我关于它的神话
我便开始在意识的阁楼搭起书架
上面出现一本破旧发黄的老书
在隐藏的空气手指翻阅之下缓缓展开
鹅毛笔的影子开始在册页上跳起舞来
写下了水、水瓶、水族等所有和水相关的
词语，还有音译成汉语之后的爱夸
神奇的水便开始流漫在古色古香的书上
一望无垠的沙漠得到浸润
并出现绿色，漂躺在柔软透明的水怀
泛黄的书页焕发生机，返老还童
这是我意识中的神话，你是讲故事的人
我的情结高悬，水开始落于万物所下
先是点点于胸前的衣襟，然后涛涛
荡涤我对人生之道的所有遐想

2019. 12. 22

Myth

Another affection, about water
Ever since you told me the myth about it
I began to build bookshelves in the attic of consciousness
An old, worn and yellowish book appeared on it
It slowly unfolded beneath the hidden fingers of air
The shadow of a quill pen began to dance across the page
Writing down water, water bottles, aquariums, and everything related to water
Words, and love after the transliteration into Chinese
The magic water began to flow in the ancient book
The vast expanse of desert was infiltrated
And green appeared, floating in the soft bosom of transparent water
The yellowing pages were revived and rejuvenated
It was a myth in my mind, the storyteller was you
My affection hung high and water began to fall on everything
First dotting on the front of the dress
Then washing away all my reverie about the way of life

2019.12.22



最怕

最怕也最想进入黑夜
怕夜的黑遮不住我思念的皱纹
想在黑的夜色里发现你的光亮
可你溶入了夜色，如水
而我的思念也已峰峦叠嶂

2019. 12. 21

What I Fear Most

What I fear most and expect most is the coming into the night
Because I fear that the darkness of the night can't hide my wrinkle of missing
And I want to find out your brilliancy in the night of the darkness
However, you have melted into the darkness, like water
And my missing has been piled up, like mountains

2019.12.21



小黑屋和玻璃房

我被关进了小黑屋
里面没有任何光亮和声响
我听不到我的四肢和我的五官
我也看不到我的呼吸和对你的痴望

小黑屋吞噬了我所有的意识
只埋在屋子地下一个希望
用我尖锐的指甲挖出的每一个小石子
都狠狠地嵌入我血浸的狂想

这是怎样一间小黑屋呢
我要掘出这深埋的钥匙
来打开这暗黑的门窗

可最后我的血滴尽在我的指尖
天也抹亮了小黑屋的皮肤

我才发现，原来关着我的
是你依然紧锁的玻璃房

2019. 12. 11

The Little Dark Room and Glass House

I am locked in the little dark room
Without light or sound
I can hear neither my limbs nor my face
I can see neither my breath nor my indulged love for you

The room has devoured all my consciousness
With only a shred of hope buried underground
Each little stone dug out with my sharp nails
Is embedded in my fantasies soaked in blood

What would this little dark room be like
I must exhume the key deep down in the ground
To open the dingy windows and door

But finally, on my fingertips, my blood dries up
And the skin of the room is brightened up

I realize that what keeps me locked
Is still your glass house that keeps being close

2019.12.11



午餐

午餐是西蓝花和鱼
西蓝花含苞未放，鱼就躺在那里
瞪着白眼，冷笑我的期待
似乎知道我的西蓝花情结
在什么炊具里也不可能解开
再端到你的面前
让你饱尝我喂养人间的爱

手起筷落
我挖出那颗混白的鱼眼
丢进我的嘴里碾磨

它的嘲笑依然倔强，不肯消解
你最喜爱的菜肴，放弃鲜美的立场
讽刺我的味蕾，表达对我厨艺的不屑
就在这时，一股暖流夹带着

盐，冲走我对你所有的许诺

2019.12.10

Lunch

I'm having broccoli and fish for lunch
The broccoli is in bud, the fish just lying there
Staring, and sneering at my expectation
Seems like it knows my special complex about broccoli
Can't be cured no matter what cooker is used
And can't be presented to you
Nourishing you with my love for the world

I pick chopsticks
Poking out the white fish eye
Putting it in my mouth and grinding

Its ridicule still persists and never fades
Your favorite dish abandons its freshness
Mocking my taste buds and showing its scorn for my cooking
Just then, a warm current mixed with

Salt, floods away all the promises I made to you

2019.12.10



残章

1

我在想你中活过来，然后死去
埋于无限暗黑的痴想
当月光如水浇灌
我又发芽，冲破

2

太想你。赶紧
往脑子里塞东西
康德，弗洛伊德，福柯……
可他们太硬，棱角分明
留下太多的缝隙
而你以水的柔软又渗了进去

2019. 12. 08

Fragment

1

I come alive, and pass away in thinking of you
My fantasies buried in the endless darkness
While being irrigated by the moonlight
Germinate and burgeon again

2

I miss you so much. As fast as possible
I get my brain stuffed
Kant, Freud, Foucault...
Yet they are so angular
That too much space is still left
But you, with your watery softness, again, permeate into my heart

2019.12.08



断章

深夜踽踽行进在凄白的光明中
你行进在我踽踽的心上
在美丽而悱恻的黑暗里
白日下的斑斓从来不是我的梦想

2019. 12. 07

Fragment

I, alone, wander in the moonlight late at night
You're walking in my lonely mind
And in this beautiful but melancholy night
The splendor under the sun is never the dream of mine

2019.12.07



想

在图书馆里想你
思念是那鳞次栉比的书

有的思念很新
闪烁着你昨天的笑容

有的思念很老
夹合着过去的回忆

有的思念落满了灰尘
灰尘下是同样颜色
触碰之后就会凋败的爱

我小心翼翼地抽出
吹去裹在上面的土
此时，眼睛蒙上浑浊的云翳

2019. 12. 05

Missing

In the library, I miss you
My sentiments of missing are like the orderly laid books

Some are new
With yesterday's smile of yours shining in my heart

Some are old
Mingled with the memory of the past

Some are gathering dust
Under which is the love
Of the same color and would fade after being touched

Carefully, I take it out
Blowing off the dust
Suddenly, my eyes blur with the cloudy shadows

2019.12.05



翻译

把你翻译成我人生的热望
把热望翻译成苦守等待
把等待翻译成灰烬
把灰烬翻译成土
把土裹在人生的脚上
然后长出两只茁壮的腿
和厚实的腰杆，以及懂得等待
坚持苦守、怀抱热望的你

再然后，你和我才得以并蒂
开出理想的花

2019. 11. 18

Translating

I translate you to the passion of my life
Passion to the long-wait
Wait to the ash
And ash to the dirt
With which my feet of life get wrapped
There grow two strong legs
A thick back, and you
Who care to stay and wait, embracing hope

Then you and I can tie the knot
Making beautiful flowers bloom

2019.11.18



自言自语

已经习惯了自言自语
在风中，在雨里

风会扬起语言的尘埃
落下后，总有人掸起

雨会冲走语言的浓妆
显现出它真挚的面容

在风雨中，我习惯了自言自语
我不敢直接对你说的
风雨会告诉你

2019. 11. 17

Talk to Myself

I have got used to talking to myself
In the wind or in the rain

The wind will raise the dust of language
After it falls down, someone would dust it up again

Or the rain would wash away the heavy make-up of language
Revealing its sincere countenance

In the wind and rain, I have got used to talking to myself
The words that I am too cowardly to tell you
Would be spoken out by the wind and the rain

2019.11.17



温暖的心房

北国的风呼啸
一颗半已凋零的心紧守着最后一缕阳光
压迫的呼吸凝成如幕的暗云
这季节的雨在炊烟升起的地平线上眺望

行色匆匆的树叶走在焦急的路程
没有任何依恋或惆怅
瞅准了归宿扑向尘世的冬天
一切都已经成为定局

不曾想一阵南风从久违的时光飞来
轻拍在鞋印上交叠拥吻的肩膀
又一缕缕光线也从云墙的缝隙中挤出来
把温暖的色彩温暖地涂上温暖的心房

2019. 11. 15

Warm Heart

The northern wind is howling
A half-withered heart holds tight the last ray of sunlight
The heavy breathing turns into curtain-like grey clouds
And the rain in this season is looking into the distance on the horizon with
smoke curling up from the kitchen chimneys

Leaves hurry along the road of anxiety
Without even a slight sense of attachment or sorrow
Once finding where they can settle down, they rush towards the worldly winter
Nothing can change that

Unexpectedly, a blast of southern wind blows from the long-lost time
Patting on the shoulders of the overlapped foot prints on the ground
Gleams of sunshine come through the breaks of the clouds
Warmly coloring warm colors on the warm heart

2019.11.15



残忍月光

每天都会听到残忍的月光在嘶喊
你打开这扇近水的窗户让清辉泻进来
梳理你如瀑的三万青丝和忧郁
让它在你的温柔中力竭成蔻斯汀的香气
月光变得驯服起来，并且爱上你罗织的情网
从四月桐花的氤氲中释放出粉紫色的情
一往而深，不理睬杏花开落在哪处花坛
日子也在梧桐的枝桠上跳动着细微的香甜
忘记春雨的零落化泥和日头高照的威胁

海右的春天太肤浅，该来的终究会来
还没经从过几次那一树如冠的高岗
热气便从天而降，焦躁着你临牖踟躅的心
打开道德的空调，关上浮云的西窗，拉起
上面绘画着一片空白的纯洁帘幕
隔断一切对月光的怀想以及月光的奢望
然后日子的镜面里只有镜面自己的反光
再没有澄澈如洗的天水濯洗凝脂和柔荑
月光又恢复了以往的残忍和嘶喊

2019. 10. 26

Cruel Moon

The scream of the cruel moon can be heard everyday
Silver light pours in when you open the window close to the water
Comb your black, thick and long hair as well as your melancholy
Exhaust it into the aroma of Kustie in your gentleness
The moon becomes tamable, falling in love with the love net you weaved
The pinkish purple love coming out from the tung tree flowers is
So lasting that it ignores which parterre the blooming apricot flowers will fall
in
Life is also dancing on the top of the tung trees with slight sweetness
Forgetting the spring rain's turning into soil and the threat from the burning
sun over head

The spring in Jinan is too shallow, what will come is sure to come one day
Before my passing through the high crown of the tree for several times
The hot air comes suddenly from the sky, adding some anxiety to your
hesitating heart
Open the air condition of morality, shut the window of floating cloud, pull up
The pure curtain painted with nothing
Cut off all nostalgia and extravagant hopes towards the moon
Then you'll find only the reflecting light remains in the mirror
No clear water washing the fair skin and delicate hands anymore
Then the moon becomes cruel and screams again just as it did before

2019.10.26



叛变

不该剥削剩余的价值
不应透支理想的奉献
谁也不是天生的共产主义者
谁都有嗷嗷待哺的信念

不要把自己的标准推己及人
不能让涌动的热血风干
看那万古长青的英魂碑上
可还有怒目圆睁的双眼

一个人只有一把披荆斩棘的刀
却决然不够逾越权力的鸿堑
情怀不是兆字节的银行信用
也需要雨露春风的熏染

这都是他夙兴夜寐的致力
他曾经迎着烈风大声呼喊
可在他坐上了那把交椅之后
一切都变得理所当然

2019. 10. 24

Defection

We should not exploit the residual value
Neither should we overdraw our ideal devotion
No one is a born communist
Everyone has faith to feed

Don't impose your own standards on others
Don't let the enthusiasm fade away
Look at the monument of the immortal soul
Are the glaring eyes still there

A man has only one knife to cut through the thorns
But it is definitely not enough to go beyond the power
Feelings are not the bank credit of megabytes

It also needs the influence of rain, dew and spring breeze
It's all the work he's been up to all night
He used to shout against the ferocious wind

2019.10.24



断章

朵红，朵粉，朵朵青春的靓丽
夹带着阴晦时的楚楚和晴朗时的镁光
从雀跃的瞳孔钻进钻出

有限放大的只有两扇平米见方的窗
而窗外的景色没有边界，恼怒了
盛不下五颜六色的玻璃体

视神经的发号让深秋一次次悸动着
春天的生机和夏日的饕餮
所有这一切，只有皮囊最清楚不过

最恨这一片光天化日
让无耻的欲望无所遁形

2019.09.30

Chapter Broken

A red, a pink, many a blooming youth
Taking the delicacy in the gloom and the brightness in the clearness
Drill through the exuberant pupil in and out

It is a window of only two square meters that has been enlarged with limits
And the scenery outside the window has no boundary, so I'm annoyed
It can't hold the colorful glass

The signal of optic nerve makes the late autumn throb again and again
Vitality in spring and gluttonous food in summer
All this, is the most familiar to the body

I hate this broad daylight the most
The shameless desire has no place to escape

2019.09.30



消失的爱情

六月的最后一个日子，牵着
我的思念走进原本属于你和我的放映厅
上演的影片贯穿着一根青春的线索
男女主人公互相暗生情愫却总是错过
像极了你我的起于青春而终于现实的爱情

我的右手搭在旁边的空座位上
不让任何人侵占，这是我唯一能左右的现实
想象着你就在身边陪着我一起见证
见证着你我爱情的男女的爱恋
直到我的手也从时光的导演中变成一个剪影

电影结束，我起身追你走出 3 号放映厅
散乱的人群里已没有一点你的迹象
我走出影院，骑上车子
在滞后的我的怀想中看着自己孤单的身影
消失在晦暗悠长的大马路的夜色之中

2019.06.30

Disappearing Love

On the last day of June, taking
My thoughts, I go into a theater that should belong to just you and me
The film features youth, in which
The hero and heroine fall in love but always miss each other
Just like the love happening in youth and disappearing into the reality between
you and me

I put my right hand on the empty seat next to me
And don't let anyone sit in it, which is the only thing I can control
I keep imagining you're here with me to witness
The affections that ever developed between you and me
Until my hand turns into a silhouette as time goes on

The film ends. I stand up and chase after you out of the Theater No.3
Yet there is no sign of you in the scattered crowd
I go out of the theater and get on my bike
Feeling lost and nostalgic, I stare at the lonely figure of mine
Then disappear into the long dark road of night

2019.06.30



月亮和画笔

你结婚的那天，我悄悄地把月亮摘下来
然后小心翼翼地把它压进我的箱底
从那之后，我的双眼布满了黑夜
只有一眨一眨的星辰闪动着你的气息
在孤寂的海洋上澎湃死去的爱情

你结婚的那天，我慢慢地收起画笔
一支支洗掉笔杆上沾着的不再生动的颜色
然后把他们悬挂晾干在我的眼前
再用曾经最饱蘸激情的手把他们锁进
囚禁无聊岁月的画框

从那之后，我再也不敢翻出那个月亮
唯恐它万一唤醒了群星的聒噪
我也再不敢打开那尘封的画框
哪怕看一眼那些描绘过你身姿的笔
我更不敢，让月亮见到那些画笔
她必然扑上去跟那它们索要画掉的光魂

2019. 06. 17

The Moon and Paintbrushes

On your wedding day, I quietly picked down the moon
And carefully put it into the bottom of my case
From then on, my eyes have been full of darkness
Only twinkling stars flicker with your breath
Surging with my dead love on the lonely sea

On your wedding day, I slowly picked up my paintbrushes up
And washed away the dried pigment on the paintbrushes one by one
I hung them up and let them dry in front of me
Finally with my hands which used to be passionate I put them
Into the paint drawer used to lock boring times

From then on, I dare not bring out that moon any more
For fear that it would awake the noisy stars
Neither dare I open the dusty paint drawer
Or even give a glance at those paintbrushes which have been used to paint your
figure

I dare not, let the moon catch a sight of those paintbrushes
Because she would inevitably rush to them and ask for the light and souls they
have painted

2019.06.17



姨姥姥

只剩一双和煦的手
还悬在空中
发着金光

只剩一声黄河的方言
还滞留在胸膛
撕裂成长的幕布

只剩我的骨头
还在柔软的记忆中
疯长
长成了骨刺
无时不在啃噬着
我愚蠢的静脉
直逼我发育迟缓的心脏

那金光透过了幕布
照在了我的心上

那骨刺穿透了
我肺腑的三十年保护
讽刺地迎着那一束金光

然后我的海马驮着
黄河，一直奔逃回
那个温暖了我二十年的
家乡

2015.09

My Great-aunt

There is nothing left but a pair of warm hands
Hanging in the air
Glowing in golden light

There is nothing left but the dialect of the Yellow River
Reverberating in my bosom
Tearing up the curtain of growing up

There is nothing left but my bones
In my soft memory
Growing like crazy fast
They become bone spurs
Gnawing all the time
The silly veins of mine
Moving straight toward my retarded heart

That golden light, through the curtain
Shines on my mind

Those bone spurs penetrate
The thirty-year protection of my lung
Ironically facing to the light

My seahorse, carrying
The Yellow River, flees back to
The place that has warmed me for twenty years—
My homeland

2015.09



星期一

大地也是懂英语的，她通晓全球语言
但她却不跟我说话，起码没有用汉语
她知道我在生气，我用尖如中国矛的眼睛
和讲得最多的二语对她发起最为诚意的攻击
我声声怨怼她每周一次的横肉满脸堆积

不过我们都睡意朦胧，因为这是星期一
所以她没有敏感我的愤怒，我也没有力气
我只管呼吸着这沉重的气体，用第三个鼻孔
PM 修饰了光鲜的后现代主义，现代即将
成为野蛮的过去，一切从盘古开天辟地

大地通晓全球语言，但她已经毫无言语
如果每个星期一白蚁都在啃噬这茫然的大地

2015. 06. 18

Monday

The Earth also knows about English, she knows all the languages around the
globe

But she never speaks to me, at least not in Chinese
She knows I am mad, I use my eyes as sharp as a Chinese spear
Mostly spoken second language to launch the most sincere attack to her
I resent her once a week against her ferocious-looking face

But we are all sleepy because it is Monday
So she is not aware of my anger, nor do I have the strength
I just breathe the heavy gas using my third nostril
PM modifies the glamorous postmodernism
The modern today is becoming the barbaric yesterday
since Pan Gu's creating of the heaven and earth

The earth knows all the languages, but she has got nothing to say
Only if termites are gnawing this blank land every Monday

2015.06.18



石块

在宽大的马路上轧到一个小石块
机率有多大？我却屡次把车轮滚上去
颠簸得轮胎疼得叫出声音来

那石块足够小，小得像我的心
在我有限的身体里脾睨无限
石块被我的心放大，直到堵住了马路
机率也被放大，堵住了我的人生

马路是必行的，我躲不过
我也不想刻意躲过那石头，尽管我可以
我只记下了这机率和石头的运数
然后迎着朝阳向路的开头骑去

2015. 04. 02

The Stone

What are the chances of running over a stone
On an open road? But I, again and again, ride over it
Making the tires yell in pain

The stone is small, like my heart
But shows its unlimited contempt in my limited body
The stone keeps being magnified by my heart until the road is blocked
So the chances increase and my life is occluded

The road is necessary for my travelling and I can't avoid it
Nor do I want to purposely bypass the stone, even if I can
I merely keep the odds and its fate in my mind
Then ride towards the start of the road under the rising sun

2015.04.02



林

又是一个晕在澡堂的冬天
窗户外看不到回光返照的梧桐
更不要说这片刚刚长起来的森林
一切都淹没在氤氲的心里
这里是曾经的柴火市 本该
醉卧在索菲特的金光之中

好像又是一个春天
爱上了这片林和烧尽了我
头上每根须发的白色的火光
我因此感觉到暖暖的，疼疼的
等我头上的林消失了，视线
渐渐变得透明。我辛苦地发现
窗外的梧桐树又开了淡紫色的花

2015. 03. 01

The Forest

It's another winter to faint in the bathhouse
The waning sycamore trees outside the window cannot be seen
Not to mention the forest that has just grown up
Everything is drowned in a mist-enshrouded heart
This is the place which used to be a firewood market and should have
Lain down drunken in the glow of Sofitel

It seems that another spring
Falls in love with the forest and burns to ashes my
White flame of every hair on my head
I thus feel warm and painful
When the forest on head disappears
The sight gradually becomes transparent. I painfully find
The sycamore tree outside the window is in lilac blossom again

2015.03.01



路

碎金劈头盖脸
那一排排光怪路离的牙齿
正咀嚼着地面

大森林的死土向前铺展
以一种喑哑抗议
活着的狂笑在路的两边

那牙齿变大
前方的路整个被吞入巨口
光正把夜沦陷

2015. 02. 01

Road

Scattered gold showers down upon the face
Lines of oddly shaped and colored teeth
Are chewing the ground

Dead trees spread out along the road
As if launching a protest
Against those still alive guffawing by the roadside

The teeth are getting bigger
The road ahead is engulfed in a huge mouth
Light is overwhelming the night

2015.02.01



秋天

不会秋天就这样来了吧
风这样绰约
雨这样入夜
驱散了暴躁的干热

你把七十二泉都溢满
七十二颗星耀啊耀的
耀亮这旻谷之右的水土
焕新这丰腴的银河

不会秋天就这样来了吧
你读着李义山
把无题的思绪合在枕侧
还怕哪个秋池落寞

暑气的浪潮波了三折
每一起伏都是向日的葵花一朵
你信还是不信 秋天都将来
姗姗来迟也好，或者风风火火

2011. 08. 18

Autumn

Will the autumn come in this way?
With the graceful wind
And rain at night
Dispersing the dry heat that makes people irritated.

You fill the seventy-two springs up
The seventy-two twinkling stars
Shine down upon the water and soil on the right of the Yang Valley
Renewing the brimming river

Will the autumn come in this way?
You are reading the titleless poems of Li Yishan
Putting your sadness back into the poem and lay it down besides your pillow
You are still worrying which autumn pond is lonely

The heat waves of summer come and go for several times
Every time it is like a sunflower towards the sun
No matter you believe it or not, autumn will come
Belatedly, or hurriedly

2011.08.18



六月的豆角

农历六月的豆角
依偎在我家的南院墙
热辣辣地成长

农历的六月是泼辣的六月
是农民的六月经历着
丰收的欢愉

我家的豆角也是
她们一串串，一串串
每个婷婷的少妇都怀了六个月的身孕
也依然娉婷婆娑
她们依偎在我家的南院墙
站在排水沟都鄙夷的狭窄的
一条带黄土上
热辣辣地成长

2011. 07. 14

Green Beans in June

Green beans of the Sixth Lunar Month
Nestle up to the wall of my southern yard
Growing fiercely

The June is fiery
And is for farmers to feel
The joy of harvest

For the green beans in my yard
They grow in rows
Like beautiful women in their six-month pregnancy
But still in good shape
They nestle up to the wall of my southern yard
Standing on the narrow unpaved dirt road
That even gutters despise
Growing fiercely

2011.07.14



梦里的你

昨日的你在今日的我的梦乡
我看得真实的渺茫
是你的红唇 你的柳叶眉
你的垂顺的青丝撩拨在耳旁

你款款地走来 走近 又走远
走出了另一个她的芳香
是谁的芳香，谁的模样，谁的姿态
也不必在醒来费力找寻 满梦的愁肠

不过是又一只滴血的瓦伦丁
我用刺疼的拇指 按住键盘
按住躁动的麻木的枯萎的徘徊的
心脏 明天捧你 11 朵阳光

可是天又冷了 雪下了
你的心也冷了 像雪一样
飘扬着寒气
我就在白天的雪地里不记得你的模样

2011. 07. 03

The You in My Dream

The you of yesterday is in the dream of the me of today
The vagueness I can see clearly
Is your red lips, willow-leave-shaped eyebrows
And smooth hair lingering besides your ears

You gently come, towards me, near to me, then far away from me
Bringing another fragrance of her with your steps
When I woke up from the sad dream
I needn't to make great effort to find out
Whose fragrance, appearance and posture it is

It's just another bloody Valentine
I press on the keyboard, with my tingling fingers
And withhold my restless, numb, withered and faltering
Heart. I will send you eleven shafts of sunshine tomorrow

However, it gets cold again, with snowflake falling down
Your heart gets cold, too, like the snow
Drifting with cold air
I do forget you in the snow during the daytime

2011.07.03



雨水的夜晚

她就那样楚楚地坐在我对面
坐在我的心间镶满我的双眼
高脚杯的光亮透出宝石红
她的衣袂飘出了路易艾希纳的质感

醉人的哪是什么波尔多之王
分明是她那长长的睫毛
忽闪 忽闪
那脉脉的
那脉脉的是汨汨的泉 溢出了一夜美梦
让我听到声响闻着甘甜

你就这样脉脉地坐在我对面
你等了多久我就等了多久
多久才走到这雨水的季节
这片焦土正在干渴，还有一片
种在这土地的我的心田

2011. 02. 19

The Raining Night

She gracefully sits in front of me
Sits in my mind and occupies my eyes
Goblets glow in ruby red
Soft and smooth, her clothes feel like Louis Eschenauer

What's charming is not Bordeaux
But her long eyelashes'
Blinking
The emotion from her eyes
The emotion is a gurgling spring, spilling with night dreams' sweetness
For me to hear and smell

You quietly sit in front of me
I wait as long as you do
How long have we been waiting for the raining days
This piece of land is drying up, so is my mind
Planted here

2011.02.19



我坐在长长的石凳

我坐在长长的石凳上坐在长长的过去
我不曾忘了那月初上的夜色，也不曾记起
风是清白的像泉水，依在我臂弯的是轻轻的你
我不曾忘记也不愿记起

我坐在旧旧的石凳上坐在旧旧的过去
那条小路依然斑驳，斑驳在桔色的路灯里
你说你要紧扣着我的五指，紧扣你的惟一
我不曾忘记你那男孩子般的紧，我也不愿记起

我坐在冷冷的石凳上坐在冷冷的过去
我不曾那样投入像坠入井底
你却把我封进浓雾封进瓦伦丁
用署上你名字的咒语
我不曾忘记那裹挟着春寒的黑色风衣
和那一心一意束玫瑰，我也不愿记起

我坐在木木的石凳上坐在木木的过去
我不想忘记我也不愿记起

2010. 08. 26

I Sit on the Long Stone Bench

I sat on the long stone bench and the lengthy past
I never forgot the night of the newly rising moon, nor did I remember
The pure-white wind like spring water, or the gentle one who lean on my arm
was you
I never forgot nor did I want to remember

I sat on the old stone bench and the old past
The path was still mottled, mottled in the orange street lamp
You said you would like to cling to my five fingers, cling to your only love
I never forgot your boy-kind fitness nor did I want to remember

I sat on the cold stone bench and the cold past
I had never been so involved like falling into the bottom of a well
You sealed me into the thick mist and sealed me into Valentine
Using a spell with your name
I had never forgotten the black windbreaker with spring cold
And the whole-hearted rose, which I was unwilling to remember

I sat on the wooden stone bench and the sackless past
I didn't feel like forgetting or remembering

2010.08.26



两室一厅的爱情

你爱我还是不爱
我都有
两间房 为你敞开
左心房，右心房

两间房还不够？
那就拆了
它
拆了
心里的 隔阻
然后用我的血装修

你不是很喜欢玫瑰的红么
我们可以
把这两间房 装成一个
舞厅
不用任何逻辑证明

还有 我的
左心室 右心室
足够细软
供你我缠绵

这两室一厅的爱巢
能不能窝藏你的爱一点？

2010.08.14

Love in the Two-Bedroom Apartment

Whether you love me or not
I have
Two rooms open for you—
My left and right atriums

They are not enough?
If not, we can demolish
The house
Demolish
The wall between us
And then decorate it with my blood

Don't you like the redness of the rose
We can
Make these two rooms a
Ballroom
Which doesn't need anything logical to prove

And my
Left and right atriums
Are soft enough
For you and me to be deeply in love with each other

In this two-bedroom love nest
Can your love be reserved a bit?

2010.08.14



立秋

立秋
是秋天站起来了
听——
那隆隆的雷声

孩子笑了
听——
那雷雷的隆声

立秋
是秋天马上就要来了
看——
这夜的颜色闪白闪白的

孩子笑了
看——
这闪的颜色黑洞洞的

2010.08.09

The Start of Autumn

The start of autumn
Signifies that autumn is arising
Listen—
The thunder is growling

Children are laughing
Listen—
Their laughter is resounding

The start of autumn
Signifies that autumn is approaching
Look—
The night is whitely shining

Children are laughing
Look—
Their dark eyes are glistening

2010.08.09



听雨（组诗）

（一）

躺下 听雨
看一道闪 划过天际
你说这缓解干渴的 滴 滴 答 答
到底
和雷 和电
有多远的距离？

（二）

这滴滴答答 急了
变成 噼里—啪啦—
阳台的窗板上 是谁的
手
在十面埋伏？
一只琵琶 撩拨
一颗孤寂不阖的 心

Listen to the Rain (Group Poems)

(I)

Lying down, I listen to the rain
And see the lightening flash across the sky
Do you think how far
It is
From the dripping rain easing thirst
To the thunder and the lightening

(II)

The dripping rain is getting impatient
Turning into the pitter-patter
On the balcony windowsill, whose
Hands
Are playing *Ambush from all Sides* on a lute
That tickles
A lonely but restless heart

(三)

风是死的 我是活的
还有
我的呼吸 也是活的

我是活的 已不如死了的
包孕爆发的生机
我活着 忍
风死得 残忍

(四)

让雨来的更猛大一些吧
我可以掬一捧在手
再掬一捧 雷鸣
掬一捧 闪电
掬一捧 北方的粗犷

我归来
快要洗尽了 婉约

2010.08.05

(III)

The wind is lifeless. But I'm alive
And
So is my breath

I'm alive but not living up to
The vitality bursting from the lifeless
I live in tolerance
The wind dies in cruelty

(IV)

Let the rain come more fiercely
So that I can scoop it in my hands
And another scoop of thunder
Another one of lightening
And another one of the toughness of the North

I return
With my softness nearly been washed off

2010.08.05



我曾经孤单

我曾经孤单
像鸿雁
掠过一片片平原
掠过一峦峦高山
看着春水东流 看着秋水碧湛
我以为我可以寻得你
我的同伴

渴了，飞临那镜湖潋滟
豪饮它此水三千！
累了，可以停留在绿影花丛
且听风吹紧，且赏月婵娟
天籁也不过我的哀鸣奏响
更能让离愁聚恨弥漫人寰

八千里路仅仅是一个概念
重霄九层也不是难以了却的意愿
我只那么一个纵身那么一拍双翅
我可以飞跃海底鱼渊
知道我看到你和你和她和她的倩影
我眼花缭乱.....
等我忽然梦醒 才发现 才发现
这不过是 不过是 一缕缕经从眼际的云烟

女人是船，一生可以停泊多少港岸？
男人是湾，一生可以拥有多少条船？

2009. 12. 27

I Had Been Lonely

I had been lonely
Like a swan goose
Skimming over plains
Flying over mountains
Looking at the east-flowing spring water and the azure autumn water
I thought I could find you
My companion

When thirsty, I would fly to the glittering Mirror Lake
Drinking to my heart's content
When tired, I could rest among the trees and flowers
Listening to the high wind and appreciating the beautiful moon
My plaintive whine does better than the sounds of nature
In spreading the sorrow of parting to the mortal world

Eight thousand miles is just a concept
While soaring up to the sky is a dream which can come true
Just a leaping with a flapping
I can fly over the sea
And I am dazzled by
Your and her pretty images all around
Suddenly awakened from the dream, I find, I find
It is just, just a wisp of mist clouds floating across my eyes

If women were boats, then how many harbors would they berth in?
If men were harbors, how many boats could they hold up to?

2009.12.27



送给远去的朋友

从明天开始收拾
收拾流水的心情，
把秋日月桂的馨香带上
把可爱的你可爱的他的可爱的笑容
带上
带到另一方天堂

从明天开始收拾
收拾绿色的蓝色的行囊
把小桥的记忆挂在垂柳的丫梢
把海的梦幻梦到西湖的断桥上
梦到
海的呼吸海的胸膛

开始收拾断断续续的
断断续续的
人生的模样
和你相拥，光脚踩在银色的沙滩，让那
银色的沙子
亲吻你我的脚心脚背
亲吻我们的梦乡……

To a Friend Who is Far Away

From tomorrow on, I will begin to clean up
Clean up the mood of flowing water
Bringing with the fragrance of the autumn laurel
Taking the lovely smile of yours and his
Along
To another paradise

From tomorrow on, I will begin to pack up
Pack up the green and blue bags
Hanging the memories about the bridge on the willows' tops
Dreaming the dreams about the sea as those about the Broken Bridge over West
Lake
Having dreamed about
The breath and breast of the sea

I will begin to clean up the intermittent
The intermittent
Looks of life
I am embracing you, standing on the silvery beach bare-footed, leaving
The silvery sand
Kissing our feet up and down
And our dreamlands...

然后那一脸大海
掉头而去，氤氲似的琅嬛宫宇蟾宫天堂
我不记得，我不记得了
哪里不是心的归属
哪里不是我的天堂
我的你的洞房

2008. 07. 18

Then the sea stretching before my eyes
Turns around and goes off, leaving the thick cloud and mist looked like heaven
and paradise
I can't remember, I can't remember
Anywhere can be the home of my heart
Or anywhere can be my paradise
Or our bridal chamber

2008.07.18



倏忽的秋冬

你来的时候
香樟一片片浓稠
遮住煦暖的太阳

你走的时候
银杏黄了半边天空
补偿失落的光

绿
恣肆
一如浓夏的北方
呼吸竟然
声音大得仿若雷响

一个月的距离
就像午后树木的影子那样
越长越长

而现在——
鹅掌都落了
香樟仍然一片青葱
这江南的冬
已不尽是你来时的样子

2008. 01. 09

A Sudden Winter

When you came,
Lush foliage of camphor trees
Clouded the warm sunshine.

When you left,
Ginkgoes died half of the sky yellow
To compensate the losing light

The green
Was so defiant
Like the bold summer in the North
That made the sound of its breath
As loud as thunder

A month's time
Like the shadow of trees after noon
Grows longer and longer

Now, however—
The scheffleras have fallen down
But the foliage of camphor trees is still green
The winter in the South
Is not the one when you come

2008.01.09



晴岚河

匆匆走过一天一天
秋萧索了
才来驻步你的容颜

水清了
可以看见鱼儿悠游

岸边的垂缘
护蔽成港湾
尊师荡荡的空着
没有情侣的依偎
倒也怡然

青青的睡莲哟
轻轻地铺在温柔的晴岚
可以做青青的梦
梦醒了也是自在的清闲

听不到慨叹
只有啁啾的画眉往还

看不见阴暗
即使雨成了幕也是盎然一片

风可以停停走走
卷起菡萏的残香

雨可以走走停停
洗濯婷婷的红莲

Qinglan River

Time flies, day in and day out
I didn't stop to gaze at you
Until the late autumn

The water is clear enough
To see the fish swimming around leisurely

Branches hanging along the bank
Make here a real haven
Vast and empty
There is still a sense of peace and tranquility
Even without couples' snuggling up

The light green lotuses are
Lightly lying on the gentle river
Dreaming the sweet dreams when sleeping
And living a free life when awakening

No such noise of amazement beside my ears
I hear only the thrushes chirp and fly around

Not any sign of melancholy
Everything is throbbing with life despite the curtain of rain

The wind can readily stop and go
Blowing up the remaining fragrance of the lotuses

The rain can readily go and stop
Washing the gorgeous red lotus flowers

这般的意趣
我忘了归去忘了发疼的双肩

可是呀
就这样看着河、看着轩
看着碧荷、看着蓝天
一切忽然婆娑了朦胧了
才知道

眼泪蒙湿了双眸
景色才成了这般……

2007. 09. 25

Such an image
Makes me forget my return and sore shoulders

Yet
I keep gazing at the river, the little houses
The green lotuses and the blue sky
Until everything turns blurry
I realize that

It's my tears filling up my eyes
That depicts such a sight...

2007.09.25



写在松树下的石凳

松树的头顶上
憩息着一朵红霞
我坐在东面的石凳上
遥望着她

早上看她抱着旭日
那迷人的颜色
从绯红的温暖变成耀目的激情
一屡屡上下
升上蓝蓝的天空
落下轻轻的晨雾

然后我寻她不着
漫漫的蓝宇里我找不到她
我默默地轻叹
注视着那棵青松兀自挺拔

香樟理了头发
打了薄
那青翠欲滴的绿
滴落到我的心房
我的双眼哟
都被青涩地占据
占据我的落寞还有我的害怕

Written on the Stone Bench Under the Pine Tree

Above the pine tree
Rests a red cloud
I sit on a stone bench on the east side
Watching her at a distance

In the morning, I saw her holding the rising sun in her arms
That attractive color
Has changed from crimson warmth to dazzling passion
Rays of glow
Rise into the blue sky
And the morning mist lightly falls

Then, I lose sight of her
I can't find her in the wide and blue sky
Silently, I heave a sigh
Gazing at the tree still standing there

The camphor tree has its hair cut
And trimmed
That lush green
Drips down to my heart
And my eyes
Are also been greenly occupied
Along with my loneliness and fear

风却从松下荡起
在我归来的途中
香樟变成暗暗的深色
漏下来的红的黄的
以为是晚放的小花

经意的一瞥
才知道我的红霞
走了一天，落在西边的我的石凳
她的家

2007. 08. 29

But the wind drifts up from beneath the pine tree
On my way back
I see the camphor tree turns dark
And those red and yellow leaking from the tree
Are taken by me as little flowers blooming late

An intentional glance
Makes me realize my red cloud
After having been walking all day long, falls upon my stone bench on the west
side
Her home to dwell at

2007.08.29



时间不会把记忆风化

我什么都不怕
不怕太阳晒干叶子上的水露而不留下痕迹
不怕鸬鹚盘旋在城外河掠不下一照清影
不怕梅雨刚刚洒下土地就风干了湿霖
不怕你走了再也不会送来一片云彩
我不怕

只要叶子知道滋润的味道
只要鱼儿知道飞翔的美丽
只要小草找到久违的心情
只要你找到了你自己的家

我什么都不怕
真的什么都不怕

如果还有一点畏惧
那就是害怕你的一句话
我害怕你说你不爱我
害怕你说我不是你的厚重的依靠
害怕你离去了还每每回头来看我是否还在那
那雨泼如注的楼檐下
仅此而已

2007. 06. 10

Time Won't Erase Memories

There is nothing I fear
I don't fear the sun dries up the dew on the leaves without a trace
I don't fear cormorants hover o'er the moat without a sign
I don't fear the humid forest has been dried as the rain starts to fall
I don't fear you would never bring a cloud since you left
I don't fear

As long as leaves know the taste of nourishing
As long as the fish realizes the beauty of flying
As long as the grass regains its long-lost mood
As long as you've found your own dwelling

There is nothing I fear
Literally nothing

If there is still something I fear
That would be your words
I fear you say you don't love me
I fear you say I'm not the one you can rely on
I fear you keep looking back when you leave, seeing if I'm still under
That roof slapped by rain
That's all

2007.06.10



四九的寒雁和风

低头沉思的时候
听到窗外 征雁的哀鸣
北国的黑夜吹拂着四九的寒风

手指停在 W 键
那英国的威廉的情史
触动了我的哀伤
哪里有叛逆？哪里有纲常？
在阿弗洛狄忒的眼里
我的痴情，可还有永葆的希望？

桌上的陶瓷小猪
懵懂着廿四天后的司命年
我的今日没有看到蛋糕、蜡烛
还有史努比的红装
没有情人送阿
没有在连绵雨天后姗姗来迟的艳阳

烟是诗人缭绕的灵魂
酒是诗人迷醉的情肠
镀金的烟斗我拿来作盛酒的银器
这种错位的金属
是不是吸出了烟的模样？

The Wild Geese and Wind in the Severe Winter

Meditating with my head down
I hear the plaintive whine of the wild geese outside the window
Chilly wind in the severe winter blowing in the dark night of the North

My figure stops on the key “W”
The love affair of William in England
Inspires me with sadness
Where is the rebelliousness and the fundamental law?
Can my passion still be hopeful
In Aphrodite’ eyes?

The ceramic pig on the table
Muddling about the coming of the natal year after twenty four days.
Today there is no cake, candle or the red costume of Snoopy
No lover sending them to me
No belated sunshine coming after several days’ rain

Cigarette is the poet’s misty soul
While alcohol is his fascinated heart
Using the gilded tobacco pipe as a silverware for holding my wine
Do I seem to smoke
When I use this misplaced metal ware?

朔拿大咖啡戒指奔驰 MSN
流行时尚，浅薄娇纵的红指甲
掐破了白色的太阳
血色染红……染红……染红
大半个天堂

北国的黑夜
吹拂着四九的寒风
把太阳的血冰凉
紫、暗紫、黑、黢黑
侵染到我的阁窗
我的沉思、我的床
哀鸣的征雁
叫响……

2007. 01. 30

Sonata, coffee, ring, Benz and MSN
Are all popular and fashionable. Coquettish red nails
Pinch into the white sun
Its blood dying half of the paradise
With red, red and red

In The dark night in the North
The chilly wind of the severe winter is blowing
Freezing the blood of the sun
Purple and dark purple, black and dark black
Infecting my attic window
My meditation, my bed
The plaintive whine of the wild geese
Arises...

2007.01.30



狗——怀念我的匹克

我的窗外有一只狗
一只叫得郁闷的
狗
当夜的颜色
渐渐爬上他的额头
这只郁闷的狗连声叫着
叫得月亮
叫得星星
叫得我
叫得周围只有静静的风声
有时连风声也停止
停止低吼

我的窗外有一只狗
一只叫得郁闷的
狗
他不是孝天犬
他没有神武的归所
他很郁闷没有人
没有朋友
没有像我一样疼爱我的匹克
一样的主人
没有麦秸秆铺的温暖的窝
没有 没有

To My Dog—Peak

There is a dog outside my window
A dog gloomily
Barking
As the color of night
Creeps across his forehead
This depressed dog constantly cries out
Making the moon
Stars
And me
Feel only the gentle wind can be heard
Sometimes even the wind stops
Stops growling

There is a dog outside my window
A dog gloomily
Barking
He is not deified
And he can't find a sacred place where he ends up
He's sad that there's no one around him
That there is no friend
That there is no one taking care of my Peak
Like the way I do
That there is no warm kennel made with wheat stalks
There is nothing. Nothing

我的窗外有一只狗
一只叫得郁闷的
狗
他郁闷地朝天狂吠
透过寒风
透过低低矮矮错错落落的阁楼
他的吠声叠加
连接成没有跌宕的狼吼

他的声音
浇铸成一个形象
他仰着头
朝着弯月
朝着寥落的星星
撕裂夜的沉寂
把阴风灌注进每根铁铁的狼毫
长吼……

2007. 01. 28

There is a dog outside my window
A dog gloomily
Barking
He morosely barks at the sky
Through the cold wind
Through the well laid-out low garrets
His continuous barks overlay and
Unite to sound like a wolf howl, with no rises or falls

His voice
Has formed an image
He raises his head
Towards the crescent moon
Towards the few stars
And tears off the silence of the night
To let the cold wind pour into each writing brush
And howls along...

2007.01.28



错过

我以为我错过了朝阳
我正在错过和煦的暖光

我以为我错过了正午的生机
我正在错过黄昏的西坠
错过默默的红红的河水向西流淌

我在错过的迷失中
错过了欣赏

2007. 01. 05

Missing

I thought I missed the rising dawn
Instead I'm missing the warm sunlight

I thought I missed the vitality of the noon
Instead I'm missing the slanting of the dusk
I'm missing the red river turning westwards without a sound

In the lost trance
I missed the delight in the sight

2007.01.05

后记

诗集本来可出可不出。付梓出来未必就是什么值得骄傲的事，诗技永远在未写出的诗行里意淫高妙。已经写出来的，除非修改，诗技都沉积在过去的灵光中，承接着日子碾磨下来的轻尘。就像我的第一本古体诗集《一页水山》，我从未想过要出版，若非东西方艺术家协会主席娄德平先生倾力资助，我不敢稍有心思，非富无名，也不可能借此得名致利。但这本小集子，为了许下的诺言，为了坚持不懈帮我英译的学生，为了替我监督学生英译并进行译审的同学旧友，也为了使 我识清自我的巫山云海，我也得将其出版。

诺言是因为华诗会会长徐英才先生给我的机会。我曾负责《诗殿堂》的英译主编，对该刊有一点微小的助益，徐会长说可以给我免费出版，使我得以在去年7月就开始物色译者。既然出版，著者和译者并行，这种署名机会为什么不送给有心有力的人呢？我向来都是喜欢给人一些力所能及的帮助，鉴于我个人的成长历程。我们很多人在达到一定的内力奇点之后，往往需要一个外力的驱动或推动才能达到另一个阶段。比如前面我说到的《一页水山》的出版。我要借此发掘提助几个学生，最好是已经上了研究生的，出版能对他们产生实质帮助的。前此，我已经借助《中国古典诗歌精选精译》的编撰发掘了几个同学，仅仅两周时间，他们就按格式要求整理好了文档，并助力该书顺利于美国芝加哥学术出版社出版。我看到了他们的意愿和力量。这一次我同样发布自愿参译启事，报名参加的就是这几个同学，其中尤以李佳音毅力醇厚。

我并非什么名流，出版诗集已经全拜徐会长恩赐，还搞什么英译？有人看吗？我向来视写诗为“私想”，仅为自我的宣泄或净化。如果我稍高一些自视，我会请擅长英译的朋友翻译，这样对我的意义才更大。而我又不想给别人带去拒绝的尴尬或承接的勉强。综合考虑下来，我还是决定让学生参译，给他们译审，让他们在翻译中学习，同时还能小有成果。从我个人的成长来看，硕士期间能出版署名图书极其难得。这固然需要个人的水平已经达到，更需要出版的契机，也就是说外力这这个过程中是起决定作用的。

有了这几个学生的承译，我需要另一个外力的监督，而这个外力也需要我这个外力推一把。这就是第一译者马婷婷。我没有太多时间一一订正他们翻译中出现的问题，让我译审完全不如我自己翻译，那样耗费的时间还更少。找一个译审充当第一译者，这个译审首先也要一定语言水平，且可以通过这本书的署名外力进入另一个人生阶段，或者方向。所以我选了从未出版过译著的本科同学，确定之日远早于后来她出版的《英译增广贤文》，所以严格来说，这本诗集的译审才是我推她进入翻译出版的第一次“图谋”。

译审之难就在于译审不能完全否决译者，因为译者首先就不是不够翻译水平的，而是具有一定翻译水平，且又是我本意发掘并磨练其翻译水准的学生，译审更不能咄咄逼人，只能尽最大可能地认可原译，从而鼓励他们在翻译方面的前行。即便如此，译审也是戴着脚镣和手铐的跳舞。我让马婷婷老师收一篇译审一篇，起到监督和组译的作用，让她做第一译者，这也是对整个小组的合理分工和认定。从去年8月确认她做译审到今天李佳音排版交稿，马上就要一年了，瓜熟蒂落之日可期。

由于署名太多会蚕食各自的成绩分量，诗集并没有收录我的自译。本来我给他们发了100首，希望全部译出然后出版，然而中间很多不可控力，他们只译出了62首，颇为难得，毕竟各有各的人生，能选译这么多已经是给我这个无名之辈最大的面子了。在此，必须对三个译者表示感谢，希望译审对你们的翻译能力提高确实有一定帮助。如果不能从华诗会免费出版，我就让这本书成为我人生的第一本自费出版，忝列一开始都要筚路蓝缕自掏腰包的名流诗人群。给你们出版，是我对你们的承诺和感谢。

是为记。

About the Translators



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